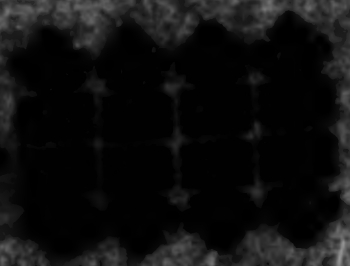
ENIGMATICK Characters.

BEING

Rather a new Work, then new Impression of the old.



LONDON,

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MATHEMATICAL
Characters.

Ænigmaticall CHARACTERS.

The Character of a Character.

IT gives you the hint of Diſcourſe, but diſcourſes not; and is that in maſs, which you may wire-draw to infinite. 'Tis more *Seneca* then *Cicero*, and ſpeaks rather the Language of *Oracles* then *Orators*; every line a ſentence, and every two a period. It ſayes not all, but all that it ſayes is good, and like an Air in Muſick, is full of cloſes, or ſtill driving to'rds a cloſe. 'Tis all matter and to the matter, and has nothing of ſuperfluous or circumlocution. 'Tis that in all writings which delighteth moſt, and the ſhame of voluminous Authors, that when men have read whole

Volumns over, they ſhud think that onely worthy to be born away. 'Tis a journey where you ſee the end from the beginning, and paſs it over without wearineſs. 'Tis a market where you have fruit and flowers ready gathered, without climbing or going amongſt thorns for them. In fine, 'tis the quinteſſence of ſpeech, and that which the French call the Point of Spirit, becauſe it penetrateth moſt: and in point of praiſe or diſpraiſe that may be ſaid of it, which was ſaid of *Brutus*, *Quicquid vult valdè vult*: Whatſoever it does it does thorowly.

Character 2.

Of an excellent Actor.

HE is a delightful *Proteus*, changing and transforming himſelf into what ſhapes he pleaſe. He puts off himſelf with his clothes, and never aſſumes himſelf agen (not ſo much as in the Tyring-houſe) till the Play be done. There is as much difference betwixt him and a common Actor, as betwixt a Ballad-

finger

finger and an excellent Musician, t'one onely mouthing it, whilst t'other artfully varies and modulates his voice; knowing all his graces even to how much breath he is to give to every syllable. He has all the parts of an excellent Orator, (animating his words with speaking, and speech with action) his Auditors being never more delighted then when he speaks, nor more sorry then when he holds his peace. Yet even then he is an excellent Actor still, not falling in his part when he has done his speech, but with his looks and gesture maintaining it still unto the heighth: imagining *ages quod agis* onely spoke to him; so as whosoever calls him a Player does him wrong, no man being less idle, nor more imploy'd then he; his whole life being nothing else but Action, with onely this difference from other men, that as what is a play to them is his business, so what is their business is but a play to him.

Character 3.

Of an Importunate Visitant.

HE is the onely persecuter of Ladies, and after the *Ten*, they hold him the greatest Persecution. He visits them in their Chambers a nights (when they are going to bed) and a mornings e're they are up: nor can they be quiet in their Closets for him. No excuse of business, sleep, nor taking physick, nor that ye are gone abroad (though you your self shud tell him so) can keep him out; no not a Guard of *Switz* at door can do't, for he'l enter like a Witch by the chimney, or like a Spirit, the doors and windows shut; and t'were a miracle beyond the *Irish* Friers skill, to Exorcise, and cast him out. And if he be thus troublesome at home, much more does he trouble them abroad, (where he thinks he has more liberty) for whersoever you go, he follows you like your shadow, and crouds himself into your Coach whether you will or no. At Church he is your distraction, at Feasts and Recreations he mars your mirth, and every where he is your sickness and disease; so as a Physi-

cian

cian who could finde out a Remedy against the Gout and him, wod be richer then *Mayern*. Many have been invented but none wod serve. Ill usage nor ill words won't do't, and the keeping handsom Gentlewomen and Chambermaids but redoubles the access. Onely one Remedy has been lately found out at *Brickellas*, and practis'd on *Marigny*, which if well applied, 'tis thought will rid you of him.

Character 4.

Of an Eager Dissentant.

HE has Scollarship enough (like an ignorant Conjurer) to raise Doubts, but not to lay them; and comes from breaking *Priscians* head to breaking yours. He thinks 'tis brave to have his speech (like *Dametus* Armor) compos'd of several pieces of *Greek* and *Latine*, when indeed 'tis onely cloathing Eloquence in Motley. He seeks Contention more then Truth, and you cannot do him a greater displeasure then to be of his opinion. He has

too much Passion to have any Reason for what he sayes, and heats and growes red hot presently, with thunder in his voice and lightning in his eyes: impatient of contradiction, and contradicting every one; so as *Faith* that removes mountains, can never remove him from his opinion. From question of things he comes to question of names, and from thence to misnaming them; so as by degrees at last he quite loses himself, and the state of the question too. And such as these they are who have so rent the Church with their hot Disputations, and made the breach so wide, as that which at first like *North* and *South*, was onely divided by an individual Line, becomes at last the whole Heavens distant, by their indiscreet going to the extremity of either Pole.

Cha-

Character 5.

Of a Dutch Waggoner.

HE converſes ſo much with beaſts as he is become one himſelf, with onely this difference, that he is a beaſt *Paramount*; and to ſee him mounted on his fore Horſe like a *Drill*, you'd take him for a *Cart-Centaure*, or beaſt two ſtories high. Nay, to his very understanding he is one; he understanding nothing above the Elevation of his Pole: And let them talk of the *Papiſts* what they will, there is none ſpeaks the Language of the Beaſt but he. They were much out of their way, who feign'd a Waggoner in Heaven, when with far more reaſon they might have feign'd one in Hell: for he is more churliſh then *Charon*, and more exacting money for his fare. Beſides, his Waggon is juſt like Hell, where people are crouded together in perpetual Torment, whilſt he layes about him like a Fury with his whip. Onely in this he is like *Phebus*, or the Charioter of Heaven, in that he alwayes brings night with him to his journeys end. Nor has t'other (for all his twelve

Houſes) ſo many Inns as he, to bait at on the way. Beſides, he is more inexorable then the Sun; for *Joſhua* with calling to him once, could make him ſtay, which you can never do him, though you ſhould call your heart out for't. In fine, he is a very tyrant when he gets you in his Waggon once, and ſets as many impoſitions on his paſſengers; amongſt the reſt he has one Tax call'd *Drink-guelt*, which he levies on the firſt four places in his Waggon; and were you forty he promiſes unto you all.

Now whether this be a *Flemiſh* or *Holland* Waggoner, there lies the Riddle; onely this looks bigger and keeps more ſtate, as one who may be one of myn *Heers* in time, whileſt t'other will never be but one of the Raſcal rout.

Cha-

Character 6.

Of an ordinary French Laquey.

HE is as mischievous all the year, as a *London* Prentice on *Shrove-Tuesday*; and is devillish valiant with his Rapier on, but a poor divel when it is off: and you may beat him (especially his Master) as far as *Cent coups de baston* comes to at any time. What colour soever his Livery is of, he wears mourning Linnen still, and he and the Dog lie together, and are Correlatives. He swears and lies naturally, but steals nothing, onely all that he can lay hands on, and (if you lay not hands on him the sooner) runs away with it when he has done. Though for running it is the worst quality he has, in lieu of which he vaults up behinde the Coach as nimbly, and with as great facility, as an *Ape* or *Tumbler* behinde his master. For his Soul he has so little care of it, as he is alwayes giving it to the Devil, and has so little care of his Body too, as he is alwayes running to the *Burdello*, till at last one running mars another, and he's laid up in an Hospital, and there's an end of him.

Cha-

Character 7.

Of a Gameſtreſs.

Made at *Bruxelles.*

SOme ſay ſhe was born with Cards in her hands, others that ſhe will dye ſo; but certainly 'tis all her life, and whether ſhe ſleeps or wakes, ſhe thinks of nothing elſe. She ſpeaks the language of the Game ſhe playes at, better then the language of the Countrey where ſhe was born, and can leſs endure a Soleciſme in that, then thîs. She knows no Judge but the Groom Porter, nor Law, but onely the Law o'th' Game; in which ſhe is ſo expert as they appeal to her, as from ſubordinate Judges to the ſupremer ones. She loves Winter more then Summer, becauſe it affords more Gameſters; and Chriſtmas more then any other time, becauſe there is more Gaming thên. She gives more willingly to the Butlers, then poor Folks box; and is never more Religious, then when ſhe prayes that ſhe may win. She imagines ſhe is at play even when ſhe is at Church, and takes her Beads for Counters, her Prayer Book for Cards, and thinks ſhe's ſhuffling when ſhe turns o're the leaves.

And

And she would play like *Nero* with the Town on fire, or like *Archimades* when t'were a lacking, rather then interrupt her Game. In fine, 'tis all her life, and as she lives so she will dye; when she hopes to go to the Gamesters Paradice, and there play *per omnia sæcula sæculorum*.

Character 8.

Of a Fine Nice City Dame.

SHe is one your Cockneys call a Beauty, because like a sick Turkey she looks a little blewish about the gills, and has a faint white Complexion of the colour of fletten milk. She has no advantage of a brown Countrey Lass, but onely that her complexion is the unwholesomer of the two, and her skin apter to break forth in scabs. She is so dough-bake't, and her complexion so raw, as those who have any minde to her, must have the Green sickness, or be half *Cannibals* at least. Her Blood is all whey, which she clarifies

clarifies with phyſick ſtill, whence inſtead of Children ſhe brings forth nothing but Curds and green Cheeſes. She is alwayes complaining ſhe knowes not wherefore, and would fain be ſick if ſhe knew of what; giving that Phyſician more who findes her out a Diſeaſe, then others would do thôſe who cured them of one. She longs ſtill whether ſhe be with Childe or no, and her chiefeſt longing is after every new Faſhion; which ſhe muſt have preſently, or there ſtarts up a new Diſeaſe; and her Huſband gives it her, finding by dear experience, the *Mercers* Book far leſs chargeable then the *Pothecaries* or *Phyſicians*: ſo betwixt her being ſick and well, he is never quiet with her, nor will ſhe ever be ſô, until ſhe be in her grave.

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Character 9.

Of a Curious Glutton.

THe total sum of his life is in his Bill of Fare, and he thinks all *Solomons* wisdom consisted in nothing else, (he knew the nature of all Fish, Beasts and Fowl, and Herbs, Trees and Plants so well.) He counts the *Italian* the onely wise Nation for faring so deliciously as they do, and calling a Wise man *buom de buon gusto*, or one that has a good taste of things. He undertakes to tell you not onely what you should eat and drink, but also how you shud eat and drink it too; and is ready to snatch his *Ruffs* and *Goodwits* out of your mouth, when he sees you swallow them greedily and ravenously; and is mad if you drink not his *Verdea* or *Frontinack* as chickens do their water, with often lifting up your eyes to Heaven. For the rest he is of a good nature and quiet disposition, hating all disputes, since *there is no Dispute of Tastes*; and for disputes of Religion, so they allow but of eating and drinking, he is indifferent for any one. His chiefest Religion consists in keeping a

Calendar

Calendar of the Moneths and Dayes when several Meats come in season, which he observes as devoutly as the *Roman Catholicks* do their Calendar of Saints. In fine, he thinks of nothing else as long as he lives, and when he dyes, onely regrets that Funeral Feasts are quite left off; else he should have the pleasure of one Feast more (in imagination at least) even after death; which he can't indure to hear of, onely because they say, there is no eating nor drinking in the other world.

Character 10.

Of a Gallant French Monsieur.

Made at *Paris.*

BEhold this gallant *Hermophrodite*, in the Chamber more effeminate then Woman, and in the Field more masculine then Man. It is he who has so improv'd Gallantry, as it signifies not onely bravery in Clothes, but in Language, Manners, and Behaviour too. He rises a morning, and having spent some two or

or three hours in dreſſing himſelf, goes afterwards to the Church of Gallantry, where inſtead of his Prayer Book, out goes his Tortoiſe Combe, whilſt the little whiſper to his Miſtris ſupplies the place of Jaculatory prayers; and for one *Pater noſter* he ſayes to *God*, he ſayes ten *Miſerere's* to her. Maſs done, he waits upon her to her Coach, then home where he dines; ſo as he makes his Body ſerve his Spirits, and not his Spirits his Body. After dinner he dreſſes himſelf agen for the *Tour a la mode*, where he ſalutes with good grace, and has the jolly rencounters on the way: Then to the *Ball*, where he utters ſuch Douceurs and delicate Conceits, as 'tis a very Banquet for Ladies ears. Thus having his *Diarium*, you have the whole courſe of his life, till he be old, if ſome Duel or Diſeaſe do not interrupt it whilſt he is young.

Cha-

Character II.

Of a Dairy.

Made in *Bedfordshire*, *Anno* 1664.

THou that of *Milk* the name dost bear,
And *Bourn*'s of water flowing thêre;
And dost me with thy Name invite,
Of low and humble things to write:
Thy Dairy and thy Pastures fat,
I'le onely chuse to celebrate;
Let others celebrate the while
Thy Parks, and Woods, and stately Pile:
Such high things ask a higher strain,
More low befits my lowly vain.
In thy so rich and fertile Ground,
There so much plenty does abound,
You'd think fair *Amalthea*'s horn
From fruitful *Archiloo* torn,
Some God did from next River tear,
And with like Bounty plac't it here.
From this Rich source, that *Milk* does come,
Which when the Cow does bring it home,
As Bees do Honey to the hive,
In Cheese and Butter they contrive:

And

And ſhud (as anciently) ſome *Fairy*
Nightly come and haunt the Dairy,
And but ſee how neat 'tis kept,
The Shelves ſo clean, the Floor ſo ſwept,
Money ſhud in their ſhooes be laid,
Inſtead of pinching of the Maid.
How happy ſhud we mortals be?
Did all example take from Thee:
Where all th' oppreſſion that there is,
Is onely in their making Cheeſe;
And where there's no percuſſion,
But onely to make Butter come.
Idolat'ry that in ancient times
Was their Religion, as their crime,
With ſome excuſe we might allow,
Had they alone Ador'd the *Cow*,
(From which ſuch plenteous good does come);
And let their other Beaſts alone,
From that comes Butter, Milk and Cheeſe,
And Whey, and Curds ſo white from theſe,
As t'wou'd the *Milkie Way* appear,
Shud *Gods* look down and ſee us here,
As we behold the *Galaxy*,
In looking upwards to the Sky.
And now if any curious are,
To know why th'are more white and fair,
Then ever *Milk* or *Curds* were yet,
That from their Ladies hands they get;

So fair and white, we well may say,
Nothing's more white and pure then they.

Character 12.

Of *Absence*.

To the Lady——

Written at *Bruxelles* in French.

Absence, is the *Absinthe* or bitterness of *Love*, that wearis us from the delightful presence of those we love; 'tis the *night* and *winter* of *Amity*: When our *Sun* being set, or retir'd into another *Hemisphere*, we are sad, and restlesly long for its return; and if *Death* be nothing else, but onely a separation of *Soul* and *Body*; *Absence* certainly wo'd be worse and more grievous then *Death* it self; since it separates the *Soul* even from the *Soul*, but that *fortior quàm mors dilectio*; As *Love* ha's power over *Death*, so *Time* and *Place* ha's no power over *Love*. 'Tis the *touch-stone* and *trial* of our *Loves*; and when in *presence* of those we love,

we

we are alwayes to look on them; and in absence, all thought to think on them: the sign one Love is perfect and true indeed, (as when the Painter has no more need to look on the Original, 'tis a sign the Picture is fully finished:) Yet Love is such an one, as without retouching it often on the original, the species and colours of it are apt to fade and vanish; and though sometimes 'tis necessary to be absent from those we love, (that they may imagine they cannot live without us) yet we are never to be so long away, as to let them know they can indeed.

However Madam, I shall be loath to put it to the trial; or to be put to the necessity

Character 13.

Of the same Lady.

NEver was curious *Beauty* more wary of *sun* or *winde*, nor frugal *Bravery* of contracting *spot* or *stain*, then she of the least breath of *rumour*, and preserving her *fame*

and *honour* uncainted and unblemished; never doing any things without first examining, *what will the people say?* not stirring a foot without first carefully looking where she treads; by which wise care and circumspection of hers, she clearly shews, that however *Rumour* be apt enough to speak ill, yet 'tis but living well, and we need not care what it says, and however foul and dirty the World is, yet we may walk clean enough, and but carefully pick out our way. This makes her so admir'd and reverenc'd, as *Ermin* it self (could it be seen by mortal eyes) cu'd not be more reverenc't nor admir'd; and this makes them propose her as a noble pattern for all her fairer Sex to imitate; who lives so, as no *Ermin* can be purer, nor *Angel in mortal flesh live more* spiritually then she, who of all Women living ha's onely found out the way of stopping *Rumour*'s mouth, and silencing *Calumny* and *Detraction*.

Cha-

Character 14.

Du Tour à la mode.

C'Est une Assemblée où les dames vont Parées pour le Bal, & où elles ne font que danser un Ballet. C'est un Marché où l'on trafique sous la maschure *Marchandize*, en reservant le reste dans l'arriere Boutique. C'est un Jeu des Cartes où les Valets sont effacez, c'est une Bataille bien rangée, où l'on ne tire que des coups d'Oeillades, & où les premiers ayant fait leur décharge ils s'en vont pour donner place aux autres. C'est un Ciel qui a deux mouvemens contraires, où il y a des Etoilles de toutes grandeur, & où il y a des Cometes entre le reste. C'est un Triumphe où les Vaincus aussi bien que les Vainqueurs vont en chariot. C'est une Medaille de la vanité du monde, & vicissitude des mondains, avec cet Inscription, sic transit gloria mundi. Sur le revers, chacun en son tour. En fin, c'est là qu'on roule doucement dans le monde, & si l'on pouvoit ainsi aller en Paradis, on seroit aussi heureux qu'Elie.

The same in English.

THe *Tour à la mode* is an Assembly, where the Ladies are dresst for the *Ball*, and the Horses dance the *Ballet*; 'tis a *Fair* or *Market*, where they install all the best commodities, and keep the rest behinde in the *Ware-house*: 'Tis a Game at Cards, where all the *Valets* are discarded. 'Tis a well-order'd Battle, where they shoot nothing but *Glances*, and where the first rank discharging, give place to those who follow. 'Tis a *Heaven* or *Firmament*, with two contrary motions, where there are *Stars* of several magnitudes, and where there are some *Comets* too: 'Tis a *Triumph*, where the Conquered as well as the Conquerours ride in Chariot: 'Tis a *Meddal* of the Vanity of the World, and Vicissitude of worldly things; with this Inscription on t'one side, *sic transit gloria mundi*, and *every one in his turn* on t'other. In fine, 'tis there where people ride pleasantly and easily in the world; and if they could go to *Heaven* so, they would be as happy as *Elias*.

Character 15.

Of a Ladies little Dog.

HE is Native of *Bolonia*, though of no great House there, and is his Ladies Favourite, and the envy of all her Gallants, for his lying with her anights, and kissing her by day; and they suspect him of frigidity, that he's no more mov'd with it; certainly he is so cold, the Chimney-corner can scarce keep him warm, where he lies in his Pannier, like *Diogenes* in his *Tub*; and you would take him for a *Cynick*, by his barking at every one. By his Collar you would think him of some Military Order, (as there are Carpet Knights enow, who wod willingly like him, be never out of Ladies Laps) but that he ha's no fellow for littleness, all other Dogs seeming Mastives compar'd to him; and he wo'd scarce pass for one amongst the *Pigmies*, though in *Homers* Battle betwixt the *Frogs* and *Mice*, he might have serv'd for mounting the Cavalry, if he had not been marr'd in the mannaging, he (what betwixt carrying in the Arms at

home, and Coach abroad) having Legs more for ornament then use; Whence he ha's much to answer for idleness, but for that he cares as little as others do, and others as little as he, so they may have like him, their Heaven in this world; and have a Velvet Cushion for Couch, walk on Turkey Carpets like the *Grand Signior*, and be fed as daintily as the *Infanta* or King of *Spain*, whilst he can't wag his tail for any thing, but he ha's it presently.

Character 16.

Of a bold abusive Wit.

HE talks madly, *dash, dash*, without any fear at all, and cares not how he bespatters others or defiles himself; nor ceases he till h'as run himself quite out of breath, when no wonder if to *Fools* he seems to get share of those who carefully pick out their way, and are as fearful of abusing others as themselves: He ha's the *Buffoon's* priviledge, to say or do any thing without exceptions; and believ'd a

Jealous

Jealous man, *Cuckold*, a Childe of doubtful Birth, *Bastard* and a Lady of suspected honour, *Whore*; whilst they onely laugh at it; and all Schollars are *Pedants* with him, and Physicians *Quacks*; when the being angry at it, were the avowing it. In Ladies Chambers he is rude, and tumbles the bed, and towzes them, dresst up unto the heigth, to the hazzard of a *Bed-staff* thrown at his head, or rap o're the fingers with the *Busk*, (and that is all.) Onely he is worse then the *Buffoon* in this, that they study to delight, he onely to offend, they to make you merry, he onely to make you mad; giving that for reason of his incivility, *because it troubles you* (forsooth) which wod make any civil man cease troubling you: So he wears his wit as *Bravo's* do their Swords, onely to mischief and offend others, not as Gentlemen, to defend themselves; and 'tis crime in him, what is ornament in them; he being onely a *Wit* at that, at which a good *Wit* is onely a Fool. And thus he continues, till he meets with some or other as choller ick as he is abusive, when afeard of a beating, he goes away and sayes, *they understand not Jest*, when indeed 'tis rather he.

Character 17.

Of a modern Casuist.

HE is your onely Conscience-monger, and frames it wide or strait, as he lists himself; he leaves no *Usury*, whilst he makes all *Usurers*; and takes away the sins of the world, but makes more sinners then there were before. He has his several wards for several sins, as Equivocation against lying, and secret recompensation against theft, so rectifying the Conscience, as he can set it right agen at any time: He can make any thing good with a distinction, and marre it again with another; especially, he has particular cases for *Princes*, in confidence of which shud they offer to go to Heaven, St. *Peter* 'tis thought wod hardly allow of them, (as Scholastical Querks invented since his time.) Amongst the rest, he is so partial to his own Countrey Vices, as *Drunkenness* with the *Dutch* is almost no vice at all, nor Fornication with the *Spaniard*; meantime the ignorance of what he writes, makes people more vertuous then the reading it; his

his Writings being nothing else but a Rapsody of all Vices in general, whence, consequently by reading them particulars persons must needs know more vices then they did before; and for him himself, for all his nice distinctions, woe be to him, if when he comes to dye, he meets with some such ignorant Devilas that Lawyer did, who'l not make him understand him for his heart, but he would needs carry him away to Hell whether he would or no.

Character 18.

Of an Anabaptist, or Fifth-Monarchy man.

WHen in the Lords Prayer he sayes, *Thy Kingdom come*, he equivocates and means his own, looking upon Magistrates but as Usurpers of his Right; he is a Saint turn'd inside outwards, or all Sanctity without, and

none

mand within; his Congregation however they boast the Spirit, are all in *Quirpo*, and they use no other Cloak but onely *Hypocrisie*; 'tis a question whether he more hates the Church for Ceremonies, or Ceremonies for the Church, but for him he is more familiar with the Lord, then to stand on Ceremonies with him, he *Thees* him at every word and speaking with less reverence to him, then any Clown does to his Landlord; he so hates a Gentleman, as he can't endure *God* shud be serv'd like one: Mean time down go the *Churches*, and *Whitehall* shud follow too, might they but have their wills; a Barn (like *Savages*) serving them instead both of Church and Palace, they counting any place good enough to preach in; and any place indeed is good enough for their preaching, who teach nothing but Sedition and Infatuation; and whilst others with their Sermons people *Heaven*, they with theirs onely people *Bedlam* and the common *Goal*. He calls Mirth Prophaneness, Melancholly Godliness, Obedience Lukewarmness, and Faction Zeal, making as unchristian work with that, as with Baptizing their Children, and calls himself pure, like him, who over head and ears in dirt, boasted

that

that he hath never a spot on him; so he thanks God with the *Pharisee*, that he is not like other men, and in that he sayes true, for he is just worse then they.

Character 19.

Of a Dutch Frow.

Made in Holland.

SHe is neat and cleanly in her House, but not in her self, and so frugal in the Kitchin, that if there be any Grease, Kitchin-stuff, or Candles ends, 'tis fitter to go to pot, then there is no entring any of her other Rooms, without first putting off your Shooes, as if 'twere holy Ground; and had better spit in her face then spit in't, whilst you are there, her Tongs and Fire-shovel, with all the rest of her Chimney implements, serve more for ornament then use; and you may as soon get her to set fire on the house, as make a fire in any Chimney besides the Kitchin one; for her own Chimney, 'tis under her Coats in her

Lul-

Lantaloe, with which she so bemackerels her Thighs, as you'd take her for a *Maremaid*, half fish, half flesh, by which unnatural heat she brings forth nothing but *Zeelerkins*: She never travels without her basket full of Provant, or half Stivers worth of Shrimps or Nuts, with cracking and nibbling of which (besides her tatling) she entertains her self upon the way, and when she comes home, puts up every thing in a Press, her *Band*, and *Huke*, and self too when she goes to bed. She housewives every thing so well, as not a seam of her Gloves, but she has dern'd over twenty times at least; and she's so great an enemy to Superfluity, as her Handkerchief would scarce make a Plaister for her Nose. There goes always some branch-velvet, or cuff-taffity to the Stomacher of her Holiday Gown, and the silver Chain, with all its appendices, must on on Sundayes, or she'l go to the *Lumbard* for it. In fine, she keeps the House or Shop all day, and at night her Husband and she drink lovingly together, till they are *Maudlin*-drunk, and then they go to bed together, and sleep like pigs.

Cha-

Character 20.

Of a ſtrange Diſpoſition.

HE is rather made of *Oak* then *Willow*, and will ſooner break, then bow. He counts ſtooping baſeneſs, and except that civil reſpect which is due unto their place and titles, he cannot flatter or fawn on any man; but like their *Mirours*, the ſame countenance they ſhew him, he ſhews them again; and excepting his *Prince*, who can Sovereignly diſpoſe of his Body; and *God*, who can diſpoſe of his Soul and Body both, he cares for offending no body, who ſhall firſt have offended him, and none ever look't ſo high on him, but he'd get a *Perſpective*, or he'd look as high as they. This gets him many enemies, and hinders him from getting many friends; for every one wod be comply'd with all, and he has not complacency for every one; nor can he help it, for 'tis his nature, and we can as eaſily change our outward form and features, as our inward mind and *diſpoſition*, (after by long accuſtoming 'tis paſt into nature once) and his friends like

it

it well enough in him, as knowing, that of such wood your best *Friends* are made; nor was there ever *Flatterer* of that disposition.

Character 21.

Of a Stage-Critick.

HE goes to *Plays* onely to finde faults there, and if he findes none, he makes them, (like your *Flesh-flyes*, who not onely leave sound places, to light on sores, but are such venomous ones, as they even make sound places sore, with their flye-blowing them.) In the *Coffee-house* he is of the *Peace* and *Quorum*, and gravely sitting on the Bench there, (like Justice *Clack*) condemns first and examines afterwards; but every where else, he is out of Commission, & as ridiculous as t'other is on the *Stage*, (they holding him for a *Judge* without *Judgement*, and *Author* without *Authority*.) He is an *Heretick* in Poetry, (or *Fanatick*, which is worse) and is quite fallen from the Faith of

his

his Fore-fathers, who believ'd in the Poets Infallibility; and so *Fletcher* made the Play, it was enough with them: But if *Fletcher* were alive now, or any man living writ like him, he's resolv'd to condemn him whosoe're he be, who praises the *dead* onely to dispraise the *living*. Mean time he spends his judgement so fast on others, as he leaves none for himself at length; and having all his *Wit* from Playes, spends it all in censuring them; so as 'tis no longer Judgement but Madness in him, beyond the Cure of *Bedlam* or *Helebor*.

But why do I trouble my self with describing him in Prose, when 'tis done already in Verse, in Answer to a certain *Lampoon* made against *Playes* and *Poets*, entituled, *A Session of Apollo*.

The Answer.

A Session *not of* Apollo *but* Bacchus,
Was lately held in a Coffee *or* Sack-house,
Where all wod needs be Poets Dramatick,
Though none understood nor the Theory nor Practick;

And these forsooth with their little or no wits,
Wod sit in Judgement of Playes and of Poets.
Is't now enouf that Playes on the Stage
Have so long born the brunt of Fanatical Rage,
Whilst out of the Pulpit, as out of the Cannon,
The'ave thunder'd such Vollies of Railing upon 'um;
But such as these in a Tavern must sit,
And arraign and condemn the Player and the Wit?
How Times are chang'd! In our fore-fathers dayes,
Onely those who had Wit were Judges of Playes;
But every one now is a Censurer grown,
And who more forward then those who have none?
But to conclude with our grave Tavern-Benchers,
Compos'd of riotous Gamesters and Wenchers,
Of half-witted Jeerers, and Hectoring Fighters,
Unless they give over their censuring the Writers,
They'l shortly repent it, when at their next Sessions
Their Names shall be told as well as Professions;
And they so describ'd, as people shall say,
When they see but their faces, behold these are they.

A Cha-

Character 22.

Of a Complementer.

He is a certain cringing thing, that stoops
Just like a Tumbler when he vaults through hoops;
Or Daw or Magpye, when at fruit it pecks
Alternately their tails above their beeks.

HE is the Rack of Converſation, that ſets every ones Joynts a ſtretching, and had been baniſht *Sparta*, Infalliby, for adding ſo many ſuperfluous words unto the *Dialect*. He is a *Puritan* in *Manners*, as others are in *Religion*, and troubles you more with his long *Preambles*, then t'other with his long *Graces*; and in this is leſs conſcionable then they, in uſing *Ceremonies* too, to make it more troubleſome. The *French* has a good *Etymology* or derivation of his Name, and ſayes, that a *Complementer* is but an *Acomply menteur*, or an *accompliſht Lyar*; and they ſay true, for Complementing is but a new way of Lying, not directly, but by Circumlocution; and *Truth* has alwayes been out of faſhion, ſince it came in. 'Tis a new Language added to thoſe of *Babel*, and

has brought a greater confusion into the world; for those were invented for better explaining and declaring of the minde, but this for hiding and concealing it. 'Tis the Court *Cypher*, that is sometimes to be understood *contra*, or by contraries; sometimes *prater*, or besides, but never *literally*, and in the genuine sence. In fine, 'tis the Language of *Flattery*, *Irony*, or *Hypocrisie*, wholly unknown to our honest Ancestours, nor shall we be ever so honest as they were, till we have quite left it off.

Character 23.

Of a Make-bate, or Sower of Dissention.

SHe is a tatling *Gossip*, and one of the *Devils* Day-Labourers, that sowes his *Tares* for him, or seed of dissention. She tells you *this* and *this* such an one said of you, when you may be sure, 'tis either wholly false, or never wholly

wholly true, (she having either wholly invented it, or added so much to it, as makes it an arrant Lye.) She goes a fishing for secrets, and tells you those of others, onely to hook yours out of you, baiting *men* as they do *fishes*, one with another still. She chuses the softest Breasts, as easiest to be corrupted, and those (like an insinuating worm) she wriggles her self into, till she has quite corrupted them; the oyl with which she supples them, is *Flattery*; and that which she chiefly *flatters*, is others *Vices*; for *Vertues*, she shud be sorry that they had any, lest they shud be too vertuous for her company. In fine, they talk of *Serpents* so venomous, as they infect and poyson with their very breaths; but if ever any's breaths were venomous, 'tis hers, (who wod set *Man* and *Wife* at dissention the first day of their Marriage, and *Childe* and *Parents* the last day of their lives) Nor will innocence ever be safe, or conversation innocent, till such as she be banisht humane society, (the bane of all *Societies* where they come) and if I could afford them being any where, it shud be onely with *Arioſto's Discord* amongst mine *Enemies*; mean time 't shall be my prayer, *God bless my friends from them.*

Character 24.

Of a Chamber-maid.

A *Chamber-maid* by a certain Figure signifies no *Maid* at all; as *homo pictus*, or a *painted man* does no *man*. She differs from the Waiting-Gentlewoman, as ſingle Roſes do from double ones, and is a Maid of one Coat onely, whilſt t'other has many; yet there is more provocation in her ſingle Petticoat and Waſtecoat, (as coming nigher *Querpo*) then t'other has in all her Gowns and Petticoats. She is like a Nettle, handle her gently, and ſhe's angry, but towze her ſoundly, and ſhe takes it patiently; onely ſhe is coy and diſdainful to the Servingmen, telling them, *ſhe is for their betters*; and ſo ſhe is indeed, for a Gentleman may do any thing with her, in a civil way. Above all, ſhe is very ſerviceable to her Maſter when her Lady lies in, who takes order to marry her the ſooner for it. In fine, if ſhe be a right *Chamber-maid*, and of the Game indeed, ſay what you will, or do what you will unto her, ſhe'l be ſure to be a Maid ſtill, till ſhe

she be married: when, let her Husband look if she be one or no, for others have often look't and found her none.

Character 25.

Of troublesome Kindness.

WHen he meets you, he asks you with a great deal of joy, *whether you be there or no?* and though you have never so much business, makes you stay. He shakes you by the hand, till h'as shak't it out of joynt, and tells you twenty times, he's *glad to see you well*; and if he embrace you, and get you in the hug, y'ad as good fall into the hands of a *Cornish Wrestler*. He is troublesome at Table, with bidding you *heartily welcome*, and often drinking unto you, whilst he winks upon you without knowing wherefore himself, and carves you, and makes you eat whether you will or no. He asks you so often *how you do?* as he makes you doubt whether you be well or no;

and when you are not indeed, he is more troublesome yet, with his *how d'ye's?* and *pray be well*, &c. He ha's a Receipt for every Disease, and twenty at least for an *Ague*, all one as good as another; and so pesters you with them, as you would give as much to be rid of his visits, as y'are forc't to give the Physician for his. In fine, he is so troublesome, as y'are forc't to put it in your *Letanies*, to be *deliver'd from him*, and all will scarcely do.

Character 25.

Of your Town-talkers.

Made Anno 1654.

YOur *Town-talkers* are a company in Town, who make a trade of talking of every thing; and they are such excellent *Embroiderers of Lyes*, as any ground will serve their turn, (nay, most commonly they'l do't without any ground at all.) They deal more by Conjecture then *Almanack-makers*; and will venture the repute of *Liars* twenty times, for that of *Prophet* once. They wish more for ill

ill news, then *Ingrossers* of Corn do for dear years; and are sorry with *Caligula*, when no publick calamity happens in their times. They hunt with full cry; and run faster away with a *Rumour*, then a pack of *Northern Hounds* with a full scent; and their chiefest Game is *who, and who!* They make more *Marriages* then *Justices* of Peace; and for *Weddings*, (now the *Arches* are down) they are the onely *Bawdy Court*. Instead of the *Star-chamber* they censure every one, and judging of others by themselves; no wonder they judge ill of every thing. Their talking is their disease, and they speak ill, because they know not to speak well. 'Tis the malignity of their nature, and we must have patience with it, as they must; if making bold sometimes with us in the Countrey, we this once make as bold with them in Town.

Cha-

Character 27.

Of a ſhrewd old Catholick Gentlewoman.

SHe goes to Confeſſion, and leaves off all her old ſhrewiſhneſs to begin anew; and when ſhe ha's ſufficiently thumb'd over her *Hours* and *Roſary*, thinks ſhe ha's priviledge to be as ſhrewiſh as ſhe was before. She chides others with the ſame zeal as ſhe *prayes*; and beats her Breaſts at Maſs, and Maids afterwards with the ſame fervour and devotion. She thinks ſpiritual Vices nothing, ſo long as ſhe abſtains from carnal ones; and whilſt ſhe makes a mortal ſin of eating *Fleſh* on *Fridayes*, or *Eggs* in *Lent*, makes no ſcruple of raſh judgement, and condemning others without a cauſe. Her Devotion in the Chappel chiefly conſiſts in ſaying over a great many Prayers, and out of it, in making a *Caudle* for the *Goodman*, which he eats as devoutly, and prays for *Benefactors*. In fine, ſhe's alwayes chiding, and would have every one perfecter then her ſelf; and looks ſo much to others faults, as

ſh'as

sh'as no leasure to look unto her own; whence she turns away her Maids so fast, as she scarcely knows her own Family; and you shall come twice into the house, but never twice into the same house agen.

Character 28.

Of a common Acquaintance.

HE wearies out his bosome with embracing every one, and dirties his Palm with shaking them by the hand. Like a *Spaniel*, he fawns upon every one he meets, and will needs know them whether they will or no. If they but look on him, he smiles on them; and but smile on him, and the Acquaintance straight is made. He picks acquaintance out of every face he ha's but seen once before, and calls every one he ha's but seen twice, a friend. After which follows Kindred and Affinity, he having more *Couzens* then your common *Curtizans*, or *Will Summers* had; and they are much as near a kin as *Patch* and he. Mean time, he glo-

glories in the ſtore of them, and thinks himſelf rich, never conſidering, that one findes enow of ſuch acquaintances every day in the ſtreets, whilſt *procul & de ultimis finibus terræ*, a Friend is a Cabinet-piece indeed, and one we ſhould go to the end of the world to ſeek: Betwixt whom and ſuch common Acquaintance there is as much difference, as betwixt *Diamonds* and *Pebble ſtones*: and he ought to be aſham'd, that every ordinary *Carver* ſhu'd be more choice of the wood he makes his *Statua's* of, then he of the men whereof he makes his friends; ône being too hard and knotty to work upon, t'other too light and ſpungy, and worth nothing when they are wrought. *Non ex omni ligno fit Mercurio*, one makes not Friends out of every ſort of Wood.

Cha-

Character 29.

Of one who falsely styles himself Collonel

NOt to be Souldier he was made Collonel at first, and to 'scape fighting, ha's continued so ever since; whence he is a *Superlative* without a *Positive*; or like a *Hovel*, all Roof, without Foundation. He drunk formerly when he shu'd be fighting, and now talks onely of fighting in his drink, whence his Sword can so little boast of its Blood, as all its Gentility lies in the Hilt and Belt; and it derives its Honour more from the Scabbard then the Blade. To avoid fighting, he brags how often he ha's fought, and how many he ha's kill'd; and some believe him, because they cu'd never see any he had fought withall alive: But others say, that of all men living they wo'd chuse to be kill'd by him, for so they shu'd be sure to be still alive. Yet he'l quarrel, or wrangle with you, (which is half quarrelling at least) and let him alone, and he'l threaten to fight w'ye too; such as he being of the nature of Net-

tles,

ties, handle them gently, and they prick you; but roughly, and you break the points of them. After which (as before) he was the Fools Valiant man, so he becomes the Valiant mans Fool; and every one laughs at him, when he goes away offended, saying, *He cares no more for others, then they for him*: and if so, he is the happiest man alive; for I know none lives freer from care then he.

Character 30.

Of the Patrons Lives.

To the Lord —— Anno 1664.

MY noble Lord, if you wo'd know
Both how to live, and live well too,
But onely your Attention give,
Ile tell you how the Patrons *live.*

First of all they never care
Nor for ye Clock nor Calendar;
Next they ne're desire to know
How Affairs o'th' World do go:

Above

Above all, they ne're resort
To the busie Hall nor Court;
Where poor men do nothing else,
But trouble others and themselves:
All the business they look after,
Onely is their sport and laughter,
With a friend and chearful Cup
Merrily to dine and sup,
Hear good Musick, see a Play,
Thus they pass the time away:
Doing no harm to any man,
Rather all the good they can.
So 'twixt Saint and Sinner here,
Equally their Course they steer,
Till this Voyage over-past,
They arrive to th' Port at last,
Where their after Death arrive,
Who so harmless were alive:
And I think, as th' world now goes,
Th'are not worst of Divers those.

If you like the Living thus,
Come, my Lord, and Live with us.

Cha-

Character 31.

Of a miserable old Gentlewoman.

HEr word is, *Pitty any thing shu'd be lost*; but others say, *Pitty any thing shu'd be sav'd* as she saves it; for she hoards up Candles ends, and scrapes up Grease, being so rich in *Kitchin-stuff*, as her very cloathes are nothing else, excepting her old brancht Velvet Gown, (as thin as a groat, with the figures all worn out) which she keeps onely for *Sundayes* and *Holydayes*; never wondring that the Jews cu'd wear their Clothes forty years together in the Desart, since she ha's worn her Petticoat as long; and her Stomacher is a piece of venerable Antiquity, deriv'd from the Velvet of Queen *Maries* Gown. For her Prayer-book, it was a Relique of her Grandmothers, till first grown greazy, and after falling into the Dripping-pan, the *Dog* and *Cat* fell out about it, and eat it up; since when she prayes without book, with a *God help you* when they ask her any thing, for which the *Beggars* curse her, but the *Sneezers* thank her, (as expecting nothing

nothing else of her.) You enter her house with no less honour, then you would one the *Witches* kept their *Sabot* in; for she sits like one in the Chimney-corner, purring like a melancholly *Cat*, and mumping like an old *Ape*. When she wo'd shew you good countenance, and when she'd Regal you indeed, she sends up for a Bottle of Sack, (as everlasting as the Widows Cruse of Oyl) that ha's serv'd this twelve-moneth all strangers that come to house; with a Box of Marmalade so old and dry, as the Flyes have quite given it over, in despair of extracting any more sweetness out of it: Which together with her other niggardliness and sordidness makes me forswear the house, with resolution never to come there agen.

Character 32.

Of an Excellent Companion.

HE is the life and spirit of the Company, and sparkling liquor, whilst others are but dregs and lees. He is never dry nor pumping,

but alwayes full and flowing; every thing affording him matter of merriment; and for a need he can extract it out of nothing too. He differs from the *Buffoon*, as an excellent *Comedy* does from the *Farse*; and is all wit, t'other onely foolery. He is neither scurrulous nor prophane, but a good man as well as a good companion; and so far a good fellow, to take a chearful cup or two, (for wine's a good whetter of a fine edg'd wit, so with too much they whet it not quite away) and though to men of business he seems to confer but little to the seriouser part of life; yet he whets the knife of the serious man, and makes them more apt for business afterwards, (as Musick makes them apter for Devotion) and those who are displeas'd with his mirth, are just like *Saul* displeas'd with *Davids* musick, possest with some melancholly devil, or other, which onely such as he can cast out; for which they send for him farther, then they did for Dr. *Butler*, and every one loves and cherishes him, he being the Darling of all the nobler sort, the Favourite of Kings, and Companion for any Prince.

Cha-

Character 33.

Of one who Zany's the good Companion.

HE is a Wit of an under *Region*, like *Jack Pudding*, grosly imitating on the lower Rope what t'other does neatly on the higher, onely for the laughter of the vulgar sort, whilst the better and wiser can scarcely smile at him. He is a *Buffoon*, not a Wit, and in a Tavern is onely in his Element, (the *Bedlam* of Wits, where men are rather mad then merry, and where there's onely noise instead of mirth.) He has nothing but old stories to make you laugh, (long since laught thred-bare) or some stale Jeast or other, (broken twenty times before) at which if you laugh not, you put him out of countenance, and marre the faces, which onely were his own before. In fine, he is onely a Wit at the second hand, or a frippery of it, just as *Long Lane* is, compar'd unto *Cheapside*, and rather a *Channel* of other Wits, then a *Fountain* of his own; his Wit

being rather the hogsheads then his own heads; favouring more of *Heidelberge* then *Helicon*, and he rather a drunken then a good Companion.

Character 34.

Of one who imitates the good Companion another way.

Made in the 1634.

HE is one, who now the Stage is down, acts the Parasites part at Table, and since *Taylors* death none can play *Mosca* so well as he. He is all for those who have best wine and fare, even to be of the same Religion with them too; and though he be specially devoted to the Patron, he praises the Cook, shakes the Butler by the hand, and is familiar with all the rest of the Servingmen; calling one Father, another Son, as they are of Age or Office in the House. His mimick Gesture,

to-

together with his Buffoon faces; Is all his mirth, excepting an old story or two; which you grow weary of presently, and then he must change his bank, or change his style, and fall to plain flattery, (which is his chiefest talent) with which he infects Persons, and marrs those who are taken with him; as *Plutarch* well observes those do, who fish with sophistical baits, which catch fish sooner, ('tis true saith he) but renders them nothing worth when they are caught.

Character 35.

Of a Grave Formal Sir.

HE declaims when he speaks like a Grammar Schoolmaster, and keeps his gravity even in spitting, whilst it serves him for distinguishing his periods. He walks like a piece of Dutch Clock-work mov'd with wiers, and looks like an Image carried in Procession. He thinks them all ignorant, who admire not all he sayes and does; and the Age declining

towards Barbarisme amisse, that they do not imitate all his words and actions. He holds the onely observation of him sufficient breeding for young Gentlemen, as beyond the Court and University; and when they have but travell'd ober his good parts once, they need not travel farther to *France* nor *Italy*. He inveighs against the vanity of the time with greater vanity, and shews when he has the commodity of anothers purse, how vain he wo'd be, had he the commodity of his own. He complains of *Fortune*, that like water she bears up light things, and lets the more mighty sink, (meaning himself with all his gravity) and is malecontent, that he is not rewarded according to his deserts; when had he his deserts, he onely deserves to be laught at, and that is all. In fine, he's a Compound of a formal Pedant, an affected traveller, and *Plautus miles gloriosus* altogether; though he thinks himself *tam Marte quam Mercurio* without compare, whilst I can finde nothing to admire in him, but onely that he can admire himself so much.

Cha-

Character 36.

Of an all-admirable Person.

ALL that is sweet and ravishing is in her looks, with a cheatfulness 'tis joy to behold, and a perpetual sun-shine, without any clouds at all, joyn'd with so much noble vertue, and attractive sweetness, as she draws you to a certain distance from her, and there suspends you betwixt Love & Reverence, none ever daring to approach her nigher, nor having power to go farther off: So as that *Beauty* which in the dayes of *Ethnicisme*, had excited to *Idolatry*, now excites onely to *Devotion*; sufficient to fill the place where she is with votive Tables, and to work miracles, whilst she's the greatest miracle her self; and so all surprizing, as a Disease but half so taking as her eyes, wo'd be *Epidemical*, and depopulate all the world. Then she's so courteous and obliging, as the sun and air are not more diffusively good then she; and her speech and behaviour so gentle and affable, as you may talk of Magick, but there's none charms but she. In a

word, her Gentleneſs is ſo great, as 'tis enough to tame the fierceſt *Lions*, and civilize the moſt barbarous *Savages*; and if there be any fierceneſs or ſavageneſs in the world, 'tis onely where ſhe is not, and becauſe ſhe can't be every where. In fine, her *Beauty*, *Vertue*, and *Obligingneſs* is ſo great, as Heaven ſeems to have made her as ſhe is, onely to make Beauty more vertuous, and Vertue more beautiful, by joyning them together with ſo much ſweetneſs and gentleneſs.

Character 37.

Of a Suſpicious Perſon.

SHe torments her ſelf and others, by putting every thing on the Rack of doubt, and wreſting all unto ſuſpicion; mean time ſhe makes them rather confeſs what ſhe'd have them, then what is true indeed. As all things ſeem yellow to thoſe infected with the *Jaundies*, ſo all things ſeem of the colour of her ſuſpi-

ſuſpicions. She affixes an ill ſenſe ſtill unto your words, and an ill meaning to all your actions, and like *French* Poaſt Horſes, goes on with her ſuſpicions, who when they ſtumble once, never leave till they be down. Like *Snow-balls*, ſhe revolves ſlight offences in her minde, till ſh'as made mighty injuries of them at laſt, and her Surmizes are alwayes wiſer then the *Truth*, when both for her own ſake and theirs, her friends could wiſh they were but as wiſe at leaſt. She explicates others words and actions, as *Hereticks* do Scripture, in the dark and myſtick ſenſe, when the literal is obvious and clear enough; and there's as little hopes of converting t'one as t'other from their erroneous opinions. So whilſt her minde is juſt like the Winters Sun, that exhales more vapours then it can diſſipate agen; ſhe both loſes her ſelf in the miſts ſhe makes, and loſes her Friends, by miſtaking them for her Enemies.

Cha-

Character 38.

Of a Talkative Lady.

THere is no coming into her company, under pain of a dayes *Head-ache*, and a ringing in the ears a fortnight after; and whosoever hears her, wishes that either she were dumb, or they were deaf. To hear her talk, you would wonder at her matter, and at her talk when you heard her matter; but considering both together, you would admire at neither, but onely exclaim with him who plum'd the Nightingale, *Vox est, & præterea nihil*, she is a voice, and nothing else; for 'tis onely a noise she makes, and the labour not of her Brain but Tongue, and you would wonder how that holds out so long, but for that it moves with as great facility, as leafs shaken with the winde, (give it but breath enough, and it will ne're lye still) or rather indeed as *Atomes* move i'th' Air; for it is quite unhung, and depends neither on nerve nor imagination. There being as much difference betwixt a voluble Tongue and hers, as betwixt an excellent

lent *Vaulter*, who artfully moves himself, and one who precipitates himself without any art at all. All the wonder is, how she makes so different ends hold together, whilst she speaks onely Thrums, (much like the composition of a Taylors Cushion, all of threads) but for that she cares not, all her care is for some body to hear her talk, (which shortly she must be forc't to hire, (for 'tis too great a pain to do *gratis*) mean time a Machin with so constant a motion as her Tongue, would be far better then a murmuring Fountain to make one sleep; and she wants onely the faculty of talking in her sleep her self, to make the perpetual motion with her *Clack*.

Character 39.

Of a Taciturne Person.

HE is the contrary extremity, and knows as little to speak, as t'other to hold his peace. Friar *Bacons* Head was a talkative one to his, and there is nothing so dull and phlegmatick,

matick as his discourse. You might have patience to tend a *Still* as well, that drops but once a quarter, and the counting a *Dutch* Clock and his words, were an Exercise much alike. The wheels of his Tongue like those of a rusty Jack, must be perpetually oyl'd, or else th'are at a stand; and he is just like *Pharatius* picture, all Curtain, and whosoever thinks there is ought under it, like *Zeuxes* are deceiv'd. Yet such vailed Shrines as he, in *Cloysters* are counted very Oracles, where silence is in precept and veneration, and where their wisedom is the folly of the world; and be they their wise men, they shall be my Fools still, who admire none for being alwayes silent, nor more admire their silence, then that of a Tree or Plant; who shall ne're count Impotency perfection, but rather when the power of speaking never proceeds to act, shall suspect there's somewhat in it more then want of will. Onely for this once, (since they will needs have it so) I will believe there is somewhat in him, 'cause I co'd never yet see any thing come out of him.

Cha-

Character 40.

Of a Table-Disputant.

DIsputation is onely for the School, and who disputes too much out of it, shu'd be sent to School agen. Of all places, 'tis least proper for the Table, where their discourse shu'd be like their Fare, easie and of light digestion, and not too hard nor difficult. Such love to hear themselves talk, and if they would hear more, and talk less, they wo'd be wiser then they are. The contrary extremity to these are your too easie Assenters to all you say, who let discourse fall too soon, as t'other holds it up too long. The mean betwixt both, is to continue discourse with a handsome reparty or two, and never to pass beyond the third reply. Mean time, the wise avoid disputing with them, as they do quarrelling with *Hectors*, (there being no reputation to be got by either) and 'tis with disputing just as 'tis with quarrelling, where some are so foolish to draw quarrels upon themselves, others so wise to avoid them, which those best may do, without any loss of

Repu-

Reputation, who have ſufficiently declar'd on other occaſions, that 'tis rather diſcretion then weakneſs in them, and want of will then ability, that they avoid them now. For my part, of all Surfeits, I hold that of talking the worſt, and conclude with *Balzac*, that whoſoever thinks with a long-winded diſcourſe, or raiſing his voice a tone or two higher then mine, to carry it, he ſhall have his opinion and mine too, rather then He contend with him.

Character 41.

Of a Flaunders *Devote.*

Made at Antwerp.

SHe is ſo pure and nice, as when ſhe comes but where men are, ſhe takes the winde of them, for fear of being got with Childe, (as Spaniſh Gynnets are) and bruſhes her ſelf when ſhe goes away agen, for fear of a ſpice of fornication, ever ſince ſhe underſtood that man

man is but made of dust. She wears her eyes like Spectacles on her nose, and looks as soberly and demurely as *Cows* in *Bengraves*. She dares not scratch, (though it itch never so furiously) for fear of transgressing the Rules of *Modesty*; and a *Fly* is as safe on her *Nose*, or a *Flea* in her *Bosome*, as a Thief in Sanctuary. She defies the *World* with all its vanities, and for the *Devil*, knows all his tricks so well, as that *Devil* must rise betimes that couzens her. As for the Flesh, she not onely mortifies it in her self, but in her *Hotch-pot* too, giving it such an allay of *Carrots* and *Turnips*, as there's no danger of its insurrection. She holds her *Confessor*, and the *Patron* of his Order for the greatest Saints; and salutes all the rest, even to the Dog of the house, with a *Beati qui habitant*. By the colour of her Petticoat you may easily perceive what Order she's addicted to; and as your Maremaids are half fish, half flesh, so she's *Religious* below the Girdle, and *Secular* above. Of her *Faith* there is no doubt, and for her *Good Works*, you may have a pattern of them when you please, for she is commonly the best *Bone-lace-maker* in all the Parish; though her principal trade be making of *Scruples*; of which she makes more

in

in a day, then her *Confessors* can undo in ten; for which, though I wo'd not be him, yet I co'd wish my Soul with hers at any time, but onely on *Ladies Eves*, and other particular dayes of Devotion, when she fasts and prayes, and disciplines most intollerably.

Character 42.

Of a Green-Sickness Girle.

SHe is like a Mouse in a *Holland* Cheese, her house and diet all the same; whence the more she spends in it, the worse house she keeps; the walls being her constant diet, of which she eats so long, till she fulfill the old Proverb at last, the *weakest goes to the walls*; for which shu'd they accuse her of *Burglary*, she has this commodity that she could never be starv'd in prison: Nay, whilst some eat themselves into prison, she by the *Estridges* help might eat her self out agen. She is a great Benefactrix to Masons, who where they finde her, are sure to finde work enouf: And she ha's a great

great devotion to the Church walls too, where she might sooner eat up the ten Commandments, by breaking her fast, then break the Commandments of the Church by eating. No *Nunnery* wo'd hold her, but she'd break Inclosure presently, though for the rest she'd pass them all for strictness of diet; and though she eat white meat, would put down the *Minimes* and *Carthusians*. By her complexion she seems rather made of Marble or Chalk, then that red Earth *Adam* was made of; and though she be so Meagre a Soyle, as she grows never the fatter by it, yet one knows not what a good *Husband-man* may do, which they say she wants extreamly. But few wo'd take a Wife with so much ill Housewifery, as if she holds on as she begins, she wo'd soon eat her Husband out of house and home; only a *Miller* might venture on her with all faults, she being much of his Complexion; and for her Diet, the eating of Meal wo'd be at other charges, and the walls of his *Windmill* are not comprized in her Bill of Fare.

Of Liberty.

Nor i't Exc'llency enouf,
Time or chance can marre or make;
But t'muſt be more laſting Stuff,
Shall from me my freedom take.

§. I

Character 44.

Of a very Widdow.

SHe shoots off *Husbands* as fast as *Boyes* do Pellets out of Pot-guns, and one discharg'd, all her care is to charge agen. She is as curious of her mourning dress, as if she rather courted a new Husband, then mourned for the old; and her *Glass* and woman have more ado with putting on her *Veil* and *Peak*, then formely (in the dayes of Revelling) with putting on her masking Cloathes. Before com-

pany she makes lamentable moan, and squeezes out a tear or two; but when she's alone with her woman, she laughs at it, and all their discourse is, *Who is the properest man? and who would make the best Husband &c.* She counts her self widdowed, not for her bosome, but her bed, (wisely making difference betwixt a Husband and a Friend) and procures to have that warm still, when her Husband is scarcely cold; whom she so soon forgets, as she never makes mention of any former Husband, but onely as a spur to the latter, with *God be with him, he wo'd have done thus and thus*; and if he do not so too, is as ready to bid *God be with him.* In fine, she onely marries for a good Dowery, and when she ha's that, she cares not how soon she is rid of you; so as were I to marry her, one of the Conditions of the Marriage shu'd be, that she shu'd be a Widdow no more, or beshrew me I'de none of her.

Cha-

Character 45.

Of a Mendicant Irish Priest.

Made at Antwerp.

HE goes over Seas in *Trouses*, and there turns *Beggar* before he turns *Student*, and learns the art of craving before any other Art: By which he brings all the Town where he lives into contribution for his maintenance, one giving him victuals, another clothes, even to the devout honest *Cobler*, who gives him the mending of his *Brogs* or shooes. If they be many of them, they beg some old House or other, (which they call a *Colledge*) and there live together like so many *Beggars* in a *Barn*, and to stir up the peoples Charity and Compassion towards them, they tell them lamentable Stories of *Ireland*, and St. *Patricks* Purgatory, (which they believe the sooner, because they look like so many poor souls come out of it themselves.) Having thus provided for his other necessities, he begs his Learning, and having got a few scraps of *Latine* together, is made *Priest*; when like a ragged Colt,

he changes his *Coat* for a *Cassock*, so old and thread-bare, as't' has neither lining nor outside, and you wo'd doubt where ever t'were new or no. Then by recommendation to some under *Sacristan*, he gets to say *Dirges*, by which and the Candles ends, he picks up a pretty Living, and is as sure as the Beggars of the Parish to be at every Dole and Funeral. After this, if he get a Chappel of some twenty Nobles a year, or to be under *Paten* to some Monastery of *Nuns*, he thinks himself a *Bishop* and very *Patriarch*; and if he chance to come to any higher promotion, he is so glorious, as all this is forgot, and in short time himself too.

Character 46.

Of an irresolute Person.

Made Anno 1653.

HE hovers in his choice just like an empty ballance without any weight of judgement to incline him to either Scale. Every thing

thing he thinks on, is matter of deliberation; and he does nothing readily, but what he thinks not on; ſo as diſcourſe, that helps others out of *Labyrinths*, is a *Labyrinth* to him; and he of all creatures living wo'd be far wiſer, if he had none at all. He begins nothing without conſideration, and when he begins to conſider once, never makes an end. He ha's ſome dull *Demon* in him cryes *do not, do not* ſtill, when he is going to do any thing, which he obeys as a divine Revelation; and he playes at *ſhall I, ſhall I* ſo long, till opportunity of doing it be paſt; and then (as he committed the fault) he repents at leaſure. He ſtill miſlikes the preſent choice of things, as *Sergius* did the Tree he was to be hang'd on, and is enemy to reſolution; or rather, as reſolution were enemy to him; he is afeard of it, as often as he comes into it. He could never bet at *Cocking* nor *Horſe Race* yet, becauſe the Battle or Race was alwayes done before he cu'd reſolve which ſide to take; and he is onely happy in this, that his irreſolution hitherto ha's hindred him from marrying and entring into bonds. And 'tis not the leaſt part of his happineſs, to be ſo long in chuſing his Religion, (if he be yet to chuſe) amongſt ſo many

many Sects as we have now adayes, though 'tis supposed he is a *Quaker*, by his wavering disposition; and if he be, the next news you hear from him will be from *Bedlam*.

Character 47.

Of a changeable Dissolution.

HEr life is a perpetual contradiction, for she would and she would not, and *make ready the Coach, yet let it alone too drive to such a place, yet do not neither*, is her ordinary Dialect. She differs from the irresolute, in that they are always beginning, and she never makes an end; and she writes and blots out again, whilst he's deliberating what to write. One being endless *a parte ante*, t'other *a parte post*; one being a *restless*, t'other a *restless pain*. So you can tell what to make of t'ones Negative, and how two Negatives make an Affirmative; but of her *yea* and *nay* together you know not what to make, but only that she knows not what to make of it her self. Her thoughts and imaginations

differ

differ from others, as *Grotesque* figures do from natural; and from *Grotesque*, in that these have some design in them, but they have none; for she call in all haste for one, and have nothing to say to them when they come; and long and dye for somewhat, which when she ha's, she instantly throws away, never looking towards the end, but onely the beginning of things, nor standing still in her choice, but whirling perpetually about; so as those who are of one minde to day, and another to morrow, are constant, compar'd to her, and *Saturns* Revolution, compar'd unto the *Moons*. For you know not where to have her a moment; and whosoever would hit her thoughts, must shoot flying, and flye themselves, whosoever would follow them.

Character 48.

Of a petty Politick.

IF you would deceive him, tell him *Truth*, and believe what he sayes, if you would deceive your self. He goes ever *vizzarded*, and you

you can never know his true face, but may always know 'tis false. He cares not in whose light he stands, so he may see, nor whose Edifice he ruines, so he may build his own; so as they look on him not as a *Man*, but as some ravenous beast, *Homo homini Lupus*, that does all the harm and mischief he can to others; by which he ha's got so ill a name, as he is half hang'd already, and no body (that knows him) but wishes him wholly so: and this the Reputation he ha's got by his *petty Policy*; that is nothing else but *Wisedom* distempered into *Craft*, far worse then *Lying*, for that makes onely the *Tongue* false, but this the *Heart* too; and ha's a far worse effect, for that makes them not believe his *words*, but this, that they will not believe his *deeds*; so as shu'd they see him do the best action in the world, they wo'd imagine he did it with some ill intent, and out of *petty Policy*, which is nothing else but *Treachery* in Fight, *Perfidiousness* in Friendship, *Couzenage* in Gaming, and *Deceit* in Bargaining; and whosoever uses it, in plain *English* is a *Knave*, though the qualifying Term be a *Politician*.

I

Cha-

Character 49.

Of a good honest Catholick

HE is that *verus Israelita*, or true *Israelite*, in whom there is no deceit; and you may as safely take his *word*, as anothers *bond* or *oath*; he had rather *suffer* then do wrong at any time; and is so scrupulous, as he may oft deceive *himself*, but never *you*. He does as he sayes, and sayes as he thinks, and means well and honestly in every thing; and to see his *Innocency* and honest *simplicity*, you'd think the *Golden Age* were return'd again. He counts Conversation betwixt *man* and *man*, his second Religion; and for his *first*, betwixt *God* and *himself*, you'd take him for one of the Primitive Christians, and the Primitive Church were again reviv'd in him; where the name of *Dishonesty* was wholly unheard of amongst them; and the thing it self amongst the *Ideas* of things unknown; a *Vertue* as rare as the *Phenix* now adayes; when amongst such variety of *Sects*, there are far more *Saints* then *honest men*; when amongst the boast of *Christian* Vertues, they have forgotten

gotten all *Moral* ones; and when for pure scarcity of *Honesty*, he's counted an *honest* man, who is not altogether a *Knave*.

Character 50.

Of a degenerate Nobleman.

Made Anno 1652.

HE is a certain silly thing, who now he ha's no voice in Parliament, scarcely knows what to say. He ha's made the name of *Lord* onely a mock-name, more ridiculous then the name of *Lord* of misrule in ancient times; and they shun him, as they do *Lord have mercy upon us*, upon doors: and this plague he has brought upon himself, by foolishly imagining he shu'd be any thing, when those were nothing who made him all he is. As if the *Stars* shu'd conspire to deprive the *Sun* of light, or *Streams* to dry up the *Fountain* whence they flow'd: when no wonder if every *Glow-worm* or *farthing Candle* out-shines them now; or that their greatness shu'd be at so low an ebb, as every one boldly

boldly strides over them, who durst not approach so nigh as their brinks before. So they justle him now in the streets, who was wont before like *Mandarins*, to make whole streets to give him way, and no body takes notice of him, unless some one in scorn points at him (perhaps) and says, there goes a *Lord*: and this is all the privilege of *Peerage* they have now, besides the having every base fellow without Commission to search their house, every *Tradesman* cite them before their Worships at next Shire-Towns, and every common *Serjeant* drag them away to *Prison*, where they lye in the *Dungeon* or *Common Goal*: And this fine Prerogative they have got, who would needs pluck down the *King*, onely to be promoted to the *Kings Bench* themselves.

Character 51.

Of one that is truly Noble.

Made at Antwerp, *Anno* 1651.

HE is a *Nobleman* indeed, t'other onely in name and title; and his Titles become him

him, and seem onely made for him; whilst t'other appears in them like *Dwarfs* in *Giants* Cloathing. He blazons his Arms by *Formes*; not by *Colours*, and his *Pedigree*, which is boast with t'other, is onely *Chronicle* to him. He does praise-worthy things himself, well knowing the praise of his *Ancestors* are none of his; and suffers them to get the start of him in nothing but *priority* of *Time*. Mean while he holds *Courtesie* to main a part of *Nobility*, as he imagines That *Noble-man* does but disguise himself, and puts on *Peasant's* Cloathing, who is discourteous. Above all, he holds *Loyalty* to essentiall to *Nobility*, as he imagines he who is *Disloyal* once, not onely degrades himself, but all his *Posterity* of their *Nobility*. Of his *Liberality* I say nothing, but onely imagine how liberal he wo'd be if he had it nôw, when no worthy person co'd want it whilst he had any thing. To conclude; his *minde* is erect, what ever his *Fortunes* be; and the *Poverty* of the time can no wayes deject him, who like an ancient Ruine, stands great whilst he stands, and wo'd fall great, however low he fell.

Cha-

Character 72.

Of an uncertain Nature.

SHe is the *Anomala* of her Sex, not to be compriz'd in any general rule, nor can any particular one be given of her. She is a Sea without a North-Star, and so full of shifting sands, as there is no sailing by Compass with her, nor Venturing with the Plummet: She is in hand; and you may spell her backwards, and decipher the hardest Characters, but there is no spelling nor deciphering her. One benefit she has by it, that *Flattery* can never finde her out; for now she likes a thing, and presently dislikes it; now she's of one opinion, and presently of another; so as you may go twice into her company, and not twice into the same company; and when she is in good or bad humour, you must go to a Cunning woman to know it, for she's not cunning woman enough to know her self. In fine, she is a very *Chamelion* or *Proteus* in disposition, changing fashions of minde oftner then the *French* does fashions o'th' body; and did she change but

shapes

shapes as often, there's none would know her; and the reason of all is (perhaps) because she does not know her self.

Character 53.

Of a Dull Countrey Gentleman.

He comes up to Town to get a Wife, and when he is there he knowes not what to say; for he is the *Mute* of the Company where he comes, and onely playes a part in the *Dumb Show*. Or if he say any thing, he labours for it like a *Pump*, and presently his Spirits sink down again and leave him dry. He sits nodding in company like a sleepy person over-watcht; and rowse him with a Question, and he stares on you just like one newly waked out of sleep. He looks with his mouth, and thinks you would sell him a Bargain when you ask him any thing, (and 'tis impossible to ask him any thing he understands) yet when he is alone, he and his man *John* have many a dry Discourse about Wiving; and his man gives

him

him as many cautions about good Husbandry, which he is apt to follow, being so miserable, as he grudges at Coach-hire, trembles at the name of *Hide Park*, *Mulberry Garden*, and the *New Exchange*; and never bestows any thing on his Mistris above a *Bottle of Ale*, or pound of *Cherries* when they are at cheapest: So that unless he be rich, it may be long enough before he get a *Wife*; and if he be, a hundred to one but some *Wife* or other gets him, and afterwards make an *Ass*, if not an *Oxe* of him.

Character 54.

Of a School-boy.

HIs Parents may well say of him, as another did of their Son, that *they had pray'd for a Boy so long, as they fear'd he would prove one all his life*; to which much confers their Breeding in *Grammer-Schools*, where they learn nothing but lying and loytering, and converse so much with *Boyes*, as they are quite marr'd for ever becoming *Men*. He has

nothing so ready as his Hat at his fingers ends, which he twirles about in mighty agony, when he is out of his Lesson, and knows not what to say; and ask him any question, and he looks about, as if he were seeking for an answer; and when he answers you, scrapes such another leg, as *Jack of the Clock-house*, when he goes about to strike. He speaks in the tone he repeats his Lesson in, so fast as if his tongue were running away with it; and so loud, as if all the company were deaf; and out of his Lesson knows not what to say. Of his Manners I say nothing, for he ha's none at all; nor is there any hope he will ever learn; whose *Head* is so doaz'd with knocking, and *Breech* hardened with whipping, as he ha's neither fear nor wit. So as had I a Son whom I lov'd indeed, I'de rather send him to *Parish-Garden*, to learn such tricks as the *Ape* does there, rather then such tricks as they learn at *School*.

I mean not by this now your publick *Grammer Schools*, those *Fountains* of *Learning*, whose clear *Streams* flow into the *Universities*, but those dirty *Puddles*, where Children are rather defil'd then imbued with Learning; whilst they learn nothing but to read *Scripture*, and then misinterpret it; from which foul

sink

sink so many *Fanaticks*, like so many *Tadpoles* have entred into the world.

Character 55.

Of your Fanatick Reformers.

THey complain of the old Reformation, that they pluckt not down *Churches* and *Cathedrals*, as well as *Abbies*, and think they were not zealous enough, to leave so many *Cross-styles* to stumble the Brethren, and *Cross-wayes*, to make them erre and stray from Righteousness; and for the *Signs* in the City, cry out against them, as the *abomination of abominations*, to see so many *Popes-heads*, so many *Triple-Crowns*, *Bishops Miters*, and *Cardinals Caps*, with *Friars* and *Nuns*, *Beads*, *Agnus Dei's*, and the like, which makes *London* look like a very *Babylon*: Whereas had they their will, a *Bird* shu'd not flye in the air with its wings *across*, a *Ship* with its *Cross-yard* sail upon the Sea, nor prophane *Taylor* sit *cross-legg'd* on his Shop-board, or have *Cross-bottom* to winde his

thread upon. As for the *Signs*, they have pretty well begun their Reformation already, changing the Sign of the *Salutation* of the *Angel* and our *Lady*, into the *Souldier* and *Citizen*, and the *Katherine Wheel* into the *Cat* and *Wheel*; so as there onely wants their making the *Dragon* to kill St. *George*, and the *Devil* to tweak St. *Dunstan* by the Nose, to make the Reformation compleat. Such ridiculous work they make of their Reformation, and so zealous they are againlt all *Mirth* and *Jollity*, as they would pluck down the Sign of the *Cat and Fiddle* too, if it durst but play so loud as they might hear it.

Character 56.

Of a French Dancing-Master in London.

A *French* Dancing-master or *Baladin*, thinks himself a very *Paladin* of *France*, when h'as left off being *Usher*, and is a *Master* once. He ha's the *Regimin* of the *Ladies* Legs, and is the sole *Pedagogue* of their Feet, teaching them

them the *French* Language, as well as the *French* Pace, as *Coupez*, *Passez*, *Levez*, &c. (which they understand as perfectly as *English*) he fetches them up in their *Courant* with a *hei Courage!* as a *Carter* does his Horses with a *Whip*, and makes as many antick Gestures the while, as a *Bowler* does when his *Bowl's* a trundling. He makes a Pilgrimage every year to *Paris* to learn new Dances, and distributes at his return his *Branles*, *Gayets* and *Sarabands* amongst his Schollars, as Pilgrims do the Relicks of the Shrine where they have been; speaking as reverently of *Monsieur Provost* the while, as they do of the *Saint* whose Shrine they have visited. There was a long contention betwixt the *French* Taylor and him, in point of Gentility, till by *Montague's* means the *French* Dancing-master carry'd it. In fine, he lives a merry life and a long; for his Dancing-days are never done, whilst he makes all dance after his Fiddle, and he is a brave Fellow all the year; but on a *Ball* or *Grand Ballet* night without compare.

Character 57.

Of a School of young Gentlewomen.

TO shew how far they are remov'd from Court-breeding, their Schools most commonly are erected in some Countrey Village nigh the Town, where to save charges, they have the worst Masters as can be got for Love or money, learning to *quaver* instead of singing, *hop* instead of dancing, and *rumble* the *Virginals*, *scratch* the *Lute*, and *rake* the *Ghitar*, instead of playing neatly and handsomely. As for their Languages, a Magpie in a *moneth* would learn to *chatter* more then they do in a *year*. And for their Behaviour, it is nothing else but a low Courtzie, with a bridling cast of their Chin to fetch it up agen. And lastly, for their Work, (in which they chiefly glory) there are frequent Examplars of it, how some one or other makes such work with them, as the stitches of it can never be pickt out agen without the Midwives help. Mean time I will not say their reverend Mistris is a Bawd, (who thinks her self another *Deborah* for Government) but cer-

certainly she is little less, to give admittance to such Vermin into their *Burroughs*, (under the name of *Couzens*) who when their heads are in once, all their body naturally follows; no Sweet-meat nor Comfit-makers Shop being more haunted in hot weather with Wasps and Flies, then these Schools be, with all the wilde Gallants about the Town.

Character 58.

Of a Lady of excellent Conversation.

YOu would imagine all the *Muses* and *Graces* were in her when she speaks, Her Conversation both for words, matter, and manner of delivery, is so charming, pleasant, and delightful, even to the tone and accent of her voice, which is so sweet and harmonious, as 'tis more Musick to hear her speak, then others sing. *Discourse*, which is a *Tyranny* with others, is a *Commonwealth* with her, (where every ones opinions are free) and she is so easie company, as 'tis pleasure to be in it,

whilst (like uneasie Garments) you are not in others without pain. She never contradicts any, but onely blushes when they speak impertinently, (a greater reprehension (to those who understand blushes) then can be expresst in words) and ha's too much Reason to use Passion, (the Arms of falshood) to defend the Truth: But having deliver'd her opinion, if you yield not, she does, rather then contend with you, and leaves you the shame of the Victory, when with more honour you might have been overcome. She does not rashly take up argument, nor abruptly lay it down agen, but handsomely assumes it, delightful continues it, and like an *Air* in Musick, just comes unto the close, when the ear expects it. In fine, her Conversation is far more chearful then theirs, who *laugh* more, and *smile* less; true *joy* being a chearful thing, and as far different from light and giggling mirth, as *Elemental* fire from Squibs and Crackers; so as *Promethian*-like, she inspires all who converse with her with noble flame and spirit; it being *Vertue* to know her, *Wisdom* to converse with her, refinest *Breeding* to observe her, and a *Species* of the joy and happiness of t'other life, to enjoy the happiness of her Conversation in this.

Cha-

Character 59.

Of a young Enamouriſt

HAving left the School, and School-boyes Toyes, next Toy he gets is a Miſtris, whom he courts with legs and faces, out of *Ovid*, or ſome of your modern Poets; and he talks of *Phœbus* and *Cupid*, and of ſo many *Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, as you'd take him for ſome Pagan never converted to Chriſtianity. He ſighs like a dry Pump, or broken winded Bellows; and to hear him, you'd never wonder at *Lapland* Witches ſelling winde ſo cheap. There is nothing ſo cold, as to hear him talk of *Flames*, nor ſo dull, as to hear him talk of *Cupids* darts; and you'd forſwear Love, to hear but how he makes it. Mean time, his Miſtris lets him know, that 'tis in Love as 'tis in War, which declar'd once, y'are to expect nothing but Hoſtility; and knows 'tis with Lovers, as 'tis with Anglers, who feed fiſhes till they are caught; but caught once, feed on them; ſo 'tis long e're ſhe bite at the bait, unleſs he be rich, and then ſhe nibbles a little to draw

draw him on, else she jears him to death, as they Rhyme Rats in *Ireland*, and he dyes a *Quaker* in Love at last, (of all Sects the most ridiculous) the subject of some lamentable Ballad, that tells you how he is gone to the *Elizian Fields*, when 'tis onely by *Moor Fields*, (perhaps) where they are buried amongst the mad men and *Quakers*, and there's an end of them.

Character 60.

Of a Precieuse; or, Artificial Beauty.

SHe uses the *Trewel* instead of the *Pencil*, and paints so palpably, as if she sought not colour to hide it, but rather to publish it. She is as dextrous at the *Fan*, as a *Butcher* at the Fly-flap, and ha's as much need to keep the flyes from her face, as he from his meat. She goes a fowling for Gallants, and now makes Springes for them of her hair, now Pit-falls of her breasts, and now Lime-twigs of her looks; and more glories in the multiplicity of them,

them, then a Lawyer of his Clients, or Phyſician of his Patients. Mean time, who treat her, may intreat any thing of her; and he who ha's the Coach, may carry her any where: ſhe thinking the point of honour to conſiſt more in Reputation of Beauty, then Fame; and of being fair, then good. So paſſes ſhe the Spring-tide, and Summer of her Beauty, merrily, till growing tow'rds Autumn with her, more Arts are neceſſary to repair the defects of Beauty, and decayes of Age; no old Cottage ever needing more reparations then ſhe, nor more Arts to maintain it: She now complaining ſh'as got a Cold, or ſleeps not well a nights, that her ill looks may be imputed unto that accident; now ſeeking dark corners to ſhew her warpt Complexion in, as couzening Citizens do to ſhew their counterfeited Ware, until at laſt, when none of theſe miſerable ſhifts will ſerve, ſhe pretends to *Wiſdom* when her *Folly* will hold out no longer; and courts the reputation of *Good*, when ſhe can have no longer that of *Fair*.

Cha-

Character 61.

Of a Natural Beauty.

Made at Cobham, Anno 1655.

WHether a chearful Air does rise,
And elevate her fairer Eyes;
Or else a pensive Heavineſs
Her lovely Eye-lids does depreſs.
Evet the ſame becoming Grace
Accompanies her Eyes and Face:
Ever you'd think that Habit beſt,
In which her Countenance laſt was dreſt,
Poor Beauties! whom a Bluſh or Glance
Can ſometimes make look fair by chance;
Or curious Dreſs, or artful Care,
Can make ſeem fairer then they are:
Give me the Eyes, give me the Face,
To which no Art can adde a Grace;
Give me the Looks, no Garb nor Dreſs
Can ever make more fair, or leſs.

Cha-

Character 62.

Of a Novice of the ——'s Order.

HE is a young Lover, and his Order is his Mistris, that to try his constancy, makes a fool of him; the more doz'd and bemoapt he is, the better still, 'tis a sign he is right, and ha's a true vocation; and if he have any wit or judgement of his own, they cry out on him for a very *Reprobate*. He hates all womenkinde, and calls a Petticoat *Leviathan*, and a Smock (but innocently blanching on a hedge) *Astaroth*, or the foul Devil of Fornication. He walks with his Eyes as fixed in his head, as a dead Hares in a Poulterers shop, and crumples up himself like a Hog-louse, for fear of effusion. He makes as many stops as he goes, as an old rusty Jack, and windes up himself as often to rectifie his intention. He sayes his *Our Fathers* as devoutly as others their *Our Father*; and counts the *Patron* of his Order the greatest *Saint* in Heaven. He is no more mov'd then a *Statua* at a chiding or reprehension, and is as peart and brisk after a good

Disci-

Discipline, as an *Ape* after a whipping. He breaks Glasses, and thinks to make all whole agen, with a *Deo gratias*; which is the *word* when he does any thing (as he does every thing) untowardly. In fine, his Novitiat passes just like an enchantment with him, and he's in Extasie all the while, till tow'rds the end he recovers by degrees, and the Charm expir'd, he becomes like other men.

Character 63.

Of a wicked debaucht Person.

His minde is a Room all hung with *Aretins* Pictures, and he is practising apace to design after them, and *de facto* ha's coppied out most of them already. He is not capable how any one can be chaste, and when he cannot sin in act, he does it in imagination: Every thing with him is incensive unto Lust, and shew him but so much *Smock* as would scarce make *Tinder*, and he is all afire with it presently. His words are able to defile the ears

and

and corrupt the manners of any one that hears him; and there is no such dirty Habitation, nor unwholesom air, then that wherein he breathes. He is so little asham'd of his *Vices*, as he glories in them, and shu'd be sorry and asham'd that any one shu'd be more vicious then he. He knows no crying sins but his own Bastards, nor cryes for any himself, but those which send him to the Surgeons every Spring and Fall, (when his sweats are more for his own then *Adams* sins) and if he lose a *Nose* (or so) in the service, he as much glories in it, as a Souldier in wounds he has receiv'd in the Wars; and shews that one may be as impudent in being *noseless* as *frontless* at any time. To give you his Character in brief, he laughs at *Conscience* and *Religion*, his *God* is his lust, and he believes there is no *Devil* but onely a handsome Wench: He thinks *Hell* onely a good Winter Parlour, *Heaven* onely a pleasant Summer Seat; and for the narrow way thither, knows no other, but onely the High-way to *Maidenhead*.

Character 64.

Of an English Papist Ass.

KIng James (of happy memory) was wont to say, that the *Papist* was his honest *Ass*, he might lay what load he would upon him, and he would bear it patiently; but the *Presbytereau* was such a *skittish Jade*, as he kickt and winc't at the least load laid on him. Certainly if Persecution be not the highest way to Heaven, he goes the farthest way about; for every one persecutes him, and he bears the burthen of every one: Nor will they allow him the priviledge of *Balaams Ass*, to speak when he is beaten, but like *Horace's*, he must onely be patient, and shake his ears. Mean time, he bears the faults of every one; and as * one said wittily, *They rail at Papery, when the Land is almost lost in Presbytery; and cry out Fire, fire,* in *Noahs Flood.* And though the wiser sort perceive their cunning in't, to finde fault first, when they are faulty themselves, yet the ignorant are cheated with it, who still think

* *The Assembly man*, pag. 18.

think those most faulty, who are most cryed out upon, and take the poor Ass for some terrible monster of the Sea of *Rome*, (as the Major of *Huntington* did a *Colt* for a *Sturgeon*) whilst others know, he is a good honest *Ass*, who never fail'd his Master in time of need, as most of those who rail on him have done. In fine, all I will say of him is this, he is a scrupulous *Ass*, he is a patient *Ass*, and your *French Ass* would never bear half so much, not of the *Pope* himself.

Character 65.

Of a Physician.

Ja. Maby

BY *Sin* Sickness first entred into the world, and by Sickness *Death* and the *Physician*; behold how some derive his Pedigree. Others say, that as *Laws* beget Abuses, and *Lawyers* Processes, so *Physicians* do Sicknesses and Maladies. Certain 'tis, he and *Death* are but *Couzen Germans* once remov'd, and both of the same Trade and Occupation of killing men,

however (by corruption of the Judge) the *Physician* 'scapes, and *Death* is condemned for it. Another reason why *Physician* never yet held up his hand at the Bar for killing Patient, is because the *Crowners* Quest finde it self-murder in those who take Physick of them. They do more harm then good in the world (certainly) for all his saying, that *did not Physicians kill men so fast as they do, the world wo'd be too full of them*; and who say we must honour *Physicians* for *necessity*, mean onely that they are necessary Evils, against whom *David* prayed infallibly, when he desir'd to be deliver'd from his *Necessities*. And for my part, as 'tis said, *Necessity has no Law*, so I could wish it had no *Physicians* too, for so we shu'd have no *Diseases*, or at least be rid of them, the greatest *Disease* of all.

But all this now is to be understood not of our *English*, but the *Physicians* here, who with their six penny Fees have Skill accordingly; whilst ours with their Golden Fees have Golden Skill, and therefore we honour them: whilst here your poor *Signieur Doctore*, is alwayes beaten, and made the ridiculous subject of every Farse.

Cha-

Character 66.

Of an Engliſh Merchant; reſident in Forreign Parts.

Made Anno 1648. *during his Travels in the* Levant.

HE is one who goes abroad with a ſtock of *Honour* as well as *Money* to trafficke with, and makes a brave return of either. He is a *Maſter* and not a *Slave* to Wealth, and ſuch a *Maſter*, as puts it onely to nobleſt uſes, (neither ſticking at trivial expence nor gain.) He anticipates not poverty, for fear of being poor, (like thoſe who kill themſelves for fear of death) nor accelerates it with vain glory of appearing rich, (like thoſe who guild over ruinous Palaces) but whilſt he neither ſtarves the Channel with penurioufneſs, nor exhauſts the Spring with prodigality, ha's the art to keep the Stream ſtill running, and the Fount ſtill full; ſo as look in his Ware-houſe, and you finde him a wealthy Merchant, in all the reſt of his Houſe a noble Gentleman, and he

onely follows his *profit* on writing-dayes, and on all other days his *pleasure*, &c. So as we may truly say in these dead times, there are none live but he; who whilst your landed men are outed of all they have, as long as the Sea is open, is sure of his coming in. To conclude he is the Honour of his Nation abroad; and his Nation shu'd be most ungrateful, shu'd it not alwayes honour him.

But now you must understand, I speak of such an one, as either lives where they pretend to the Universal Monarchy at this day, or else where they had it in former times; and not of those penurious ones, who live in your colder Climates nigher home, betwixt whom and him there is as much difference, as betwixt them and your *Scotch* Pedlars.

Cha-

Character 67.

Of a timerous Disposition.

Made Anno 1657.

HE is onely for facile and easie things; and if you employ him not in what he is good for, he is good for nothing. He is as unfit for dangerous Negotiations, as a *London* Wherry for an *East India* Voyage, and dares not offend the present Authority for his life. He is not *Cavalier* enough, to understand your Gallantry of dying; nor *Divine*, nor *Philosopher* enough, to know what good he can do when he is dead. Like the slavish *Americans*, he offers as much Incense to those who may harm him, as those who can do him good. Mean time, sacrificing more out of *Fear* then *Love*, he is but half an *Idolater* at least. Whence in times of *Trouble* and *Persecution*, he pretends not so much to *Merit* as *Excuse*; and though he be far from a *Rubrick* Saint himself, yet at least he honours those who are; and hopes to be saved by others merits, though not his own,

amongst the common sort of Christians; who when any storms of persecution rise, will be sure, which way soever the winde does blow, to keep on the windy side of danger still.

Character 68.

Of a petty French Lutenist in England.

Made Anno 1653.

HE is a Fellow, who with ill cloathes, and worse meen comes over into *England*, and there sets up a Court of Judicature, arraigning our Musick, Instruments, and Musicians here, for not being *a la mode de France*; and almost the Hands too, for not being *mangie* about the Wrists like his. Especially, he cannot away with the double Neck, and twelve ranks of strings upon the Lute, (though far more easie and commodious) because it is not of their Invention. If his fingers be so weak, they can scarce crawle over a Lute, then to play gently

gently and softly is the *mode*, & *doucement* is the *word*; and if they be so gouty and chilblain'd, as they rake the strings worse then if they were grated on with a ragged staff, then strong and lusty is the *mode*, and *fort* and *gallyard* is the *word* agen. If you like not his play, he tells you he ha's at least the new method of *Paris*, and that he teaches *a tailir par bien pareille*: and for his *Pieces*, (though rak'd out of *Gualtiers* Dunghil, or collected from the Privy-house of *Defaut*) he keeps them as precious Reliques, and gives out such for new, as were made before the *Avignon*, or the *Popes* coming there. In fine, he is the *Montebank* of himself, and though he hi's nothing to commend him besides himself, and the being *French*, (for which reason you may commend the *Fox* as well) yet your *English* are so foolish too admire him; nor will it ever be otherwise, till some such zealous *Patriot* rise up against them, as he, who hearing them talk of the *French Pox*, bid them call it the *English*, with a *Pox* to them, for we had as good as the *French* had any.

Character 69.

Of an Englisſh Inne.

Made Anno 1654.

AN Engliſh Inne is a Houſe of ſo ancient ſtanding, as 'tis ready to fall down agen; onely its Sign-poaſt is new, and in that conſiſts its greateſt Gallantry. Within 'tis a great Machin of four wheels, *Oſtler*, *Cook*, *Tapſter*, and *Chamberlain*, with mine *Hoaſt* and *Hoaſtis*, the main Springs that move all the reſt. Being entred, they all fall to couzening you in their ſeverall Vocations; the *Oſtler* your Horſes, the reſt you; the *Cook* with meat ſo tough and raw roaſted, as ſpite of your teeth y'are forc'e to leave it to the houſe, the *Tapſter* in ſo miſcounting his ſtone *Juggs*, as you may as well count the *Stoneage* as them; then the *Chamberlain* uſes ſuch couzenage with his Faggots, as the fire it ſelf can ſcarcely bring to light. For your Chamber, it ſeems the *Preſs-yard* by the pillars of the bed, with a *Teaſtern* ſo heavy, as if it fall on you, *Lord have mercy upon you*, and for more exquiſite torment and lin-

lingring pain; you have a heavy *Tapestry* for *Coverlet*, in Summer kills you with heat, and in Winter with cold as well as weight; with a Feather-bed, whose feathers (as if you flounc't into the water) part on either side, and leave you in the midst to sink unto the bottom. For mine *Hoast* and *Hoastis*, who were wont to be good fellows in the dayes of jollity, their humours are spoild in this time of godliness, and stumm'd Sack and Religion hi's quite marr'd their mirth; onely mine *Hoast* still make a shift still to be half drunk every day, and on *Market dayes* out-right, when he is wonderous kinde; and his kindeness chiefly consists in a pint of *Sack* to the Master, and a double *Jug* unto the Servingman, alwayes in order to the Reckoning, which as a Warning-piece being discharged once, there follows a whole volley of *Welcomes*, like small shot discharg'd on every side, and you are discharged too.

Cha-

Character 70.

Of a Chymerical Poet.

Made in Africk.

WIth his monstrous *Simile's* and *Hyperbole's* he is like a *Painter*, who makes onely *Chimera's* and *Grotesque* work, whilst others Figures are natural, and to the life; by seeking out new wayes, he mistakes the way to *Helicon*, and loses himself by going out of the common Road. He is like *Statius* on his great Horse, now on the top, now on the bottom of *Parnassus*, and ha's not art enough to keep him to a constant pace. His Conceits come *across* from him, and stick by the way; and his many *Parenthesis's* are but like the boggling of resty Jades, when they can't or wo'nt advance. His *Muse* is none of the *Nine*, but a *Mungril* or *By-blow* of *Parnassus*; and her Beauty, is rather Sophistical then natural. He offers at *Learning* and *Philosophy*, as *Pullen* and *Stubble-Geese* offer to flye, and presently come fluttering down agen. His high

high-sounding Words and Verses are but like empty Tunns or Hogs-heads, which make the greater sound the emptier they are. A long while some admir'd him, because they understood him not; and for the same reason he admir'd himself: But now they have found out the *Cheat*, 'tis thought *Icarus* fate will be his, who for flying too high, came to be drowned at last; and he had sunk long since, had not some like bladders bilovd him up; which support now failing him, he will sink faster then heavy bodies fall unto the Center.

Character 71.

Of a too ordinary Courtier.

Made at Lisbon *in* Portugal.

BEsides his own, he ha's the *Jesters* Office too, and by it a double privledge, to say what he list, and not to be whipt for't when

when h'as done. He is a perpetual *Libel*, in the *Court*, of others, and to others, of the *Court*: and they repeat but his bold ſpeeches, when they would ſpeak ill of it. His *railing* differs as much from *Raillery*, as *Butchers* playing at *Cudgels* does from *Gentlemens* playing at *Foyles*; and he's worſe then *Aretin*, who demanded why he ſpoke not ill of *God*, (ſince he ſpoke ill of every one) anſwered, *Perche no l' cognoſco*, becauſe I know him not, (for he ſpeaks ill as well of thoſe he knows not, as thoſe he knows) and if *Baſhfulneſs* and *Modeſty* be a Vertue in the Countrey, but a Vice in Court, 'tis the onely Vice he is free from; for he is never from about the Prince, nor ever without ſome ſuit to beg of him; ſo as a fawning *Spanniel* with this *Motto*, *Quid me vultis dare?* or what will you give me, wo'd be the right *Embleme* of him. Though he gets more then he deſerves, yet he is alwayes complaining, and thinks he gets not ſo much as he deſerves; when had he his deſerts, he ſhu'd be baniſhed the *Court*, ſince if it be a *Heaven* or *Firmament* where the Prince is the *Sun*, and other Courtiers bright *Stars* of ſeverall Magnitudes, he is a dark Cloud that obſcures all the

the reſt, and the Court would ſhine far brighter, were he away.

Character 72.

Of one who troubles her ſelf with everything.

HEr minde is juſt like their Stomacks, who convert all the nourishment they take, unto Diſeaſes, ; for every thing is matter of trouble with her, and not contented with her own, ſhe troubles her ſelf with thoſe of others too, and will go a thouſand miles out of her way to ſeek it, if ſhe finde none nigher hand. She is perpetually haunted with a panick fear of, *Oh what will become of us! &c.* and the ſtories of Apparitions in the Air, and Prognoſticks of extraordinary accidents to happen in the year 66. (when perhaps 'tis nothing but the extraordinary gingle of numbers) makes her almoſt out of her wits agen. She troubles her ſelf beſides with con-

conditionary thoughts of things that ne're were, nor are, nor are like to be; and for her own buſineſs, ſhe makes ſuch work of it, as what betwixt doing and undoing it, like *Penelope*'s web, ſhe never makes an end, (nor can any elſe for her at laſt, ſhe ſo intangles it) and all this onely for want of knowing how much care and thought ſhe is to beſtow on things. Whence beſtowing all ſhe ha's on every thing, as long as there's a world, or ſhe is in the world, her care muſt needs be infinite and immenſe. To conclude, her minde ſeems nothing elſe but an *Hoſpital* of ſick and diſeaſed thoughts; ſo throng'd and peſter'd with 'um, as there's no room for any healthy ones. Whence her preposterous lodging, all her care and ſolicitude within doors, and her comfort all without; ſhe is ſo unfortunate, to have the one ſtill at hand when ſhe needs it leaſt; and t'other ſtill to ſeek, when ſhe ha's moſt need of it.

Cha-

Character 73.

Of one who troubles himself with nothing.

HE thanks *God* for giving him such a minde, as he neither cares for what he cannot have, nor scarce for any thing others can deprive him of. He places all his contentment within himself, and suffers nothing without to trouble him. He counts it folly to grieve and sorrow for any thing but our sins, since grief and sorrow can remedy nothing else. He loves easie Company as he does easie Garments, and throws off either when they pain and trouble him. He so loves his *Liberty*, as he won't be *Slave* to any, much less to his own *Passions*, (to have his minde free at least, and not still carry his master along with him.) Even in *Friendship* he takes the more delightful part, and leaves the more troublesome of *Adieus* and *condoling*, and the like, and so hates to be in debt, as he loves not to be too much oblig'd by any one. He avoids all *high wayes*

of

of the vulgar, and *by-wayes* in Religion; not to erre in *Faith* nor *Opinion*; and ſtrives ſo to live in this life, as he may have no fear of the other when he comes to dye. To enjoy its pleaſures more purely, he willingly relinquiſhes all the honours and profit of this world; living neither in the *higher* Region of the Air, where ſtorms and tempeſts are ingendred; nor in the *lower*, where they are moſt ſubject to them; but in the *middle*, where all is quiet and tranquile. So lives he in this world, as if he were out of it, enjoying all its innocent pleaſures, and for the reſt——

They have moſt pleaſure who enjoy them leaſt.

Character 74.

Of a Jovial Old Nobleman.

UNder whatſoever Conſtellation he was born, he is all *Jovial*, when others are *Saturnine*; and no man was ever more beholding then he to *Nature*, who even in old *Age* ha's given him the ſpirit and vigour of *Youth*; and is ſo feard he ſhu'd be ever wholly old, as

ſhe

ſhe gives him a youthful minde in an aged body ſtill. He is the *Scharamacchio* of *Court* and *State*, and is a *Stateſman* and *Courtier travestÿ*, doing more buſineſs with *trifling*, then others with their *ſeriouſneſs*; and his *Grimaces* are more worth then all their *Gravity*; for whilſt they by laying open ſiege, but allarum men, and put them on their defence, he by intelligence with the humours of every one, ſuddenly enters their boſoms, and takes them by *ſurprize*. He knows ſo, how to multiply himſelf, as he is all to all, and all to every one; eſpecially amongſt the Ladies he ha's Kindred and Affinity with every one; and he'l call an old *Lady* of *fourſcore*, *Wife* or *Daughter*; and a *young one* of *fourteen*, *Mother* or *Grandmother*, (onely to be more *merry* and *facetious*) He comes in ſinging, & goes out dancing ſtill; ſo as 'tis impoſſible to be melancholly where he is; and even *Heraclitus* in his company cu'd not without laughter paſs o're this vale of tears. In fine, he is the *Democratis* of the Age, and whilſt others act *Tragedies* or *Trage-Comedies* on the Theatre of the world, he onely acts *Farſes* and *Comedies* whilſt he lives; and when he dyes, they ſhu'd onely write *benè peracta fabula*, he play'd his part well, on his Tomb for *Epitaph*.

Character 75.

Of an old Lady, who lookt ill upon him, Under the name of Misa.

Made Anno 1653.

NOw what a Devil, Misa, makes
Thee with such Eyes behold me still?
'Cause from thee Time thy good looks takes,
Must I needs therefore have thy ill?

I prethee Misa don't behold
Me thus, as if I were thy foe,
For howsoever thou art old,
I am not Time that made thee so.

And rather then to quarrel with me,
As if t'were I had done thee wrong,
Go quarrel with thy Age I prethee,
Whose fault 'tis thou hast liv'd so long.

Howe're for me thou well mayest spare
Thy Anger, and thy Frowns may cease;
Who for thy good looks little care,
Do's for thy bad ones care much less.

An-

~~Character 76.~~

Another on the same.

LEt Autumn *paint her withered leaves,*
And Winter *dye his snowy Hair;*
Yet he's a Fool *that not perceives,*
That both but counterfeited are.

So whilst you'l needs look young again,
And still seem fair unto our sighe;
Misa, your labour's all in vain,
Like his, wo'd wash the Ethiope *white.*

Nature *by* Art *is better made,*
Whilst Art *has ground for what it does:*
But when the Ground-work's once decay'd,
All Art but more deformed shows.

Who looks well in King James *his Reign,*
And in King Charles *his old appear'd,*
Will hardly now look young again,
When th' Commonwealth has got a Beard.

Then Misa, follow my advice,
And leaving off thy bootless care,
Strive rather to win Hearts then Eyes,
And to appear more Good *then* Fair.

Character 77.

Of a Valiant Man.

HE is only a *Man*; your *Coward*, but a *Tame* and *raſh*, a *wilde* and *ſavage Beaſt*. His Courage is ſtill the ſame, and drink cannot make him more valiant, nor danger leſs. His *Sword* is not alwayes out, like *Childrens Daggers*, but he is as feard to enter into quarrels, as he is fearleſs when he is in them once. He is never in paſſion, and knows no degree beyond *clear Courage*, being alwayes *valiant*, but never *furious*. He holds *Boaſt* (the Cowards valour) and *Cruelty* (the beaſts) unworthy *a valiant man*; and is onely *Coward* in this, that he dares not do an unhandſome action. He is neither *quarrelſome* nor *querulous*, nor forwards in *harming*, nor too fearful in being *harm'd*; but his *Sword* in *War*, is the ſame as Juſtice's *Ballance* is in *Peace*. The more *fierce* he is in the *Field*, the more *gentle* he is in the *Chamber*; and he is not all *out-ſide*, like thoſe *Souldiers* who are nothing but *Buff* and *Feather*, but he ha's the inſide of a *Souldier*, with the outſide

of

of a *Courtier*, and is as gallant amongst the *Ladies*, as in the face of an *Enemy*: they well therefore joyned *Mars* and *Venus* together, for t'one is too *harsh* and *rough*, t'other too *soft* and *Effeminate*; both together make the best Composition of a *Valiant man*.

Character 78.

Of Mrs Stuart.

STuart a Royal *Name that springs*
From Race of Calidonian *Kings*;
Whose Composition and fair Frame
Addes honour to that Royal *Name*:
What praises can I worthy finde,
To celebrate thy Form and Minde?
The greatest power that is on Earth,
Is given to Princes by their Birth;
But there's no pow'r in Earth nor Heaven
More great then what's to Beauty *given*:
That makes not onely men relent,
When unto Rage and Fury bent;

But Lions tame, and Tygers milder,
All fierceness from their Breasts exild,
Such wonders yet could ne're be done
By Beauty's force and pow'r alone;
Without the pow'r and force to woo
Of excellent Goodness aided too:
For just as Diamonds we behold
More brightly shine when set in Gold:
So Beauty shines far brighter yet,
In Vertue *and in* Goodness *set.*
Continue then but what you are,
So admirably Good *and* Fair;
Let Princes by their Birth-rights sway,
You'l have a Pow'r as great as they.

I represent this Lady openly, and without *Enigma*, since her *Beauty* is so bright, and *Vertue's* so transparent, as they cannot be shadow'd nor over-clouded; and with her conclude these Characters, since I cannot conclude them with a fairer Subject.

FINIS.